

In my flower garden I grow the most beautiful roses I ever saw. There is not a day in the year that I am without their blooms; also all the old English garden perennials, annuals, etc. *Passiflora edulis* and its cousin *P. trifasciata* cover my house and mixed up with it are *Mandevilla suaveolens* and *Cobaea scandens*, the latter though with very much larger flowers than I ever raised in either Virginia or Devonshire.

"We have 250 acres in black wattle, *Acacia decurrens*. It is now just 3 years old and is 30 feet high. In another year we shall cut it and strip the bark which is used for tanning in Europe. Sisal hemp is a great industry here, the fibre of *Agave rigida* var. *sisalana*. It is used for cordage, but of course you grow it in Florida so know all about it. Among other things that we grow here, but at different elevations, are coffee, wheat, rubber, cotton, cocoanuts, mangoes, and in live stock, cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, ostriches.

"The dasheen, by the way, has been grown here by the natives from long before the coming of the white man. They call it *Miwoo* pronounced meewo. One tribe called Kikuyus are never without it. It would be interesting to know how it came here, but of course the native knows nothing of his history and cares nothing. Unlike the tribes of south and central African savages, these of East Africa have no religion or superstitions. They worship one god which they call *Tumbo* and it means their stomach. The only thought they have beyond that is how to acquire as many wives as possible. Natives use a nickname for everybody; they never learn one's real name but name one according to any peculiarity they may have.

"The agricultural tribes are great farmers. Their methods are those of the stone age. The women do all the work; the men hunt, drink, steal, and stand around naked and discuss the value of the goats, sheep and cattle which they barter for more wives. The amount of maize grown and exported by just one tribe, the Kavirondo who live along the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, is astonishing. Another tribe raises quantities of beans, peas and potatoes. Today I have stood on top of a great hill on this farm, 10000 feet high, but only about 1500 feet above the surrounding table land, and looked down through field glasses into Lake Victoria 80 miles away to the west, Kilimanjaro 19000 feet high away to the southeast, over to Lakes Rudolf and Baringo to the north, and German East Africa 30 miles to the south. At the foot of the hill great herds of antelope and countless zebra graze. I have caught some of the zebra foals and intend when they are fully grown to cross them with my Somali pony stallion.